

THE AGITATOR.

Devoted to the Extension of the Area of Freedom and the Spread of Wealthy Reform.

WHILE THERE SHALL BE A WRONG UNRIGHTED, AND UNTIL "MAN'S INHUMANITY TO MAN" SHALL CEASE, AGITATION MUST CONTINUE.

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THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

No sickness there,
No weary wasting of the frame away;
No fearful shivering from the midnight air,
No dread of summer's bright and fervid ray!
No hidden grief,
No wild and cheerless vision of despair;
No vain petition for a swift relief,
No tearful eye, no broken heart are there.
Care has no home
Within that realm of ceaseless praise and song,
Its tossing billows break and melt in foam,
Far from the mansion of the spirit throng.
The storm's black wing
Is never spread o'erward celestial skies.
Its waiting blends not with the voice of spring,
As some low tender flower fades and dies.
No night dews
Its chilling dew upon the tender frame;
No moon is needed there; the light which fills
That land of glory, from its Maker came.
No parted friends
O'er mournful recollections have to weep;
No bed of death enduring love attends,
To watch the coming of a pulseless sleep!
No blasted flower
O'er withered bud celestial gardens know!
No scorching blast, or fierce descending shower,
Scatters destruction like a ruthless foe!
No battlefield
Startles the sacred host with fear and dread,
The song of peace Creation's morning heard
Is sung where angel minstrels tread!
Let us depart,
If home like this await the weary soul,
Look up, thou stricken one! thy wounded heart
Shall bleed no more at sorrow's stern control.
With faith our guide,
White-robed and innocent, to trace the way
We fear to plunge in Jordan's rolling tide,
And find the ocean of eternal day!

THE BLOODY RESCUE.

A TRUTHFUL INCIDENT OF OCEAN LIFE.
BY HARRY HAZLETON.

The natives of the Sandwich Islands have, or once did have, a prevalent belief, that when any of their number died, the soul of the deceased entered the body of that murderous fish of the deep—the shark.

This reminds me of a story, told to me many years ago, by Bill Pullhard, while we were rolicking, one clear day, over the shadowy blue waves of the Spanish main. Bill, however, I am very sorry to say, had a habit, when he told a yarn, of garnishing it with certain peculiarities of language, not to be found in any dictionary but that of old Neptune. Hoping, therefore, that Bill (who, perhaps, in the form of a spirit—for he died long ago—is looking over my shoulder as I write) will pardon me, I shall take the liberty to leave out all those "enlivening expressions" which, however suited to the forecastle, could never be well received by the fair inmate of the boudoir. The yarn which Bill related to me ran as follows:

"Once had the misfortune to ship in a whaler. She was a miserable, greasy, lopsided specimen of what a ship ought to be. Her stern rose up as though about to take a flying leap upwards, and her bows sunk low as if about to make a dive downwards. Take her all in all, she was a most miserable craft, and was most miserably manned. Twelve outlandish-looking Portuguese, who made fearful inroads into the bread-cask and sweetened water, ten long-legged Kanakas, and, lastly, your beloved chum, myself, constituted the crew.

The vessel's name was the "Putnam," and there was a likeness of that renowned hero painted on the stern, and we had the bust of Putnam, with his nose knocked off, for a figure-head. Well, after we had been out some weeks from the isle of Owyhee, it was plainly to be seen that the Kanakas and Portuguese couldn't agree. The latter wanted to cut all the lean from the pork at meal times, and leave nothing but fat for the Kanakas; but the Kanakas wanted the lean just as much as the Portuguese; so that the two different parties were constantly at odds and ends with each other. As a natural result, blackened eyes, which could hardly be distinguished from the original color of the complexion swelled lips, revealing rows of sharp teeth and now and then a wonderful enlargement of the organ of causality, were continually diversifying the looks of the crew. One day I was witness to one of these bloody skirmishes between a big Portuguese with huge feet and toes, and Kanaka, with an enormous shaggy head, who gloried in the appellation of "Scuttlebut"; the other's name was Peter. Scuttlebut called Peter a hog, the other reiterated by calling the other a boar. The two parties then came to the scratch, the Portuguese giving the first blow. Crashing and banging over chests, pots, and pans, they now went into it in good earnest, amid the cheers of the inmates of the forecastle. At length, after a number of blows had been exchanged on both sides, the Portuguese succeeded in getting his adversary by the throat, which he squeezed with one hand, while with the other he pomped the poor fellow most unmercifully.

It was plainly evident that the Kanaka was unable to answer the question which each blow his antagonist repeated; "You got enough?" "Spouse you got plenty, what for you no say so?" while all the time he held him to tight by the throat that the poor devil could hardly breathe, much less speak. "Always, as you know, Harry, like to see fair play, and therefore, perceiving by the expression of the Kanaka's eyes that he would be very glad to say what the other would not allow him to say, I stepped up to the Portuguese, and commanded him to let go his hold. Kanaka was now growing blue in the face, and, seizing his antagonist by the collar, I thrust him away. The native sank down upon a chest, where, as soon as he could breathe, he exclaimed:

"Tam Portuguese, me pay him for dat, Me (kill) him—me eat him!"

As for Peter, he said nothing to me at that time; but from that moment I knew he entertained a deadly grudge against me for my interference in the fight. Surrounded by a band of his countrymen, he would frequently hold an animated conversation with them, and from the spiteful glances they cast at me, I knew that I was the subject of their talk, although I could not understand a word of their language.

Two days after the fight, the Kanaka was taken sick, and in the course of a few weeks he died. His last words were: "Tam Portuguese, me pay him for dat—py—me (kill) him—me eat him."

One of his countrymen took me aside, and whispered—

"Scuttlebut keep him word. You see tum-tye (by-and-by)."

The body of the Kanaka was sewed up in canvas, and consigned to the deep, with the ceremonies usual upon such occasions.

The next day it fell a dead calm; as far as you could look, the sea was as one broad sheet of glass. It had just struck four bells in the forenoon watch, and I was carelessly looking over the bulwarks, when I perceived a huge shark, slowly making his way through the water, close to the ship. I called to my shipmates to look at him. The whole watch thronged to the side to gaze on the monster, and among them Peter the Portuguese. An animated conversation now commenced among the Kanakas, in which I noticed that they frequently pointed to the shark, and then looked at Peter. Presently one of them stepped up to me, and said that they were talking about the shark, which contained the soul of Scuttlebut, the dead Kanaka, and which had evidently now come to be revenged upon Peter, to whom they had attributed a companion's death.

While we were talking, the shark had come to a full stop directly under the spot where the Portuguese was standing. The latter instantly ran to one of the boats, and procuring a sharp spade, jumped on to the bulwarks and darted at the fish. The weapon struck him just above the tail, nearly severing his body. But if a cat has nine lives, surely a shark must have twenty, for the frightful wound did not seem to produce the least effect upon the tenacious animal. He still remained perfectly motionless, excepting a slight movement of the fins. I noticed that the Kanakas looked at one another, and mysteriously shook their heads. Peter would have used the spade again, had not the mate sung out at that moment—

"Bill Pullhard, you and Peter lay out there on the weather yard arms of the foretopmast yard, and serve that Flemish horse. You do the serving, Bill, and let Peter pass the ball."

"Aye, aye, sir!" I answered, slinging a marling-spike about me, and springing into the rigging, followed by Peter, with the serving-mallet and spun yarn. I laid out to the end of the yard, and taking the Flemish horse into my hand, told Peter to hand me the mallet.

"You talk big," answered the Portuguese; "Me no give you mallet—me no pass de ball—me do de serving, and you can pass de ball."

I lost all patience, and seizing hold of the mallet, attempted to wrench it from his grasp. He fixed his teeth in my hand, and bit it severely. With an oath I struck him violently over the head. He drew his sheath-knife, and attempted to stab me; I caught his arm with both hands, and, in doing so, lost my balance and fell from the yard, dragging him with me. Down—down—down—in the depths of the green water we sunk; but not for a moment did I loosen my grasp of the Portuguese. At length we rose to the surface, and on doing so I instinctively glanced at the ship. This gave my adversary an advantage, of which he was well inclined to reap the benefit. He suddenly disengaged his arms, and grasped me tightly by the throat. I struggled to release myself from his infernal clutch, but it was in vain. I felt his fingers sinking deeper into my throat—I attempted to speak, but could not—I was becoming suffocated. My head throbbled wildly with pain, and I could feel my eyes starting from their sockets; while right opposite to me was the dark, exulting countenance of my antagonist, lit up with fiendish pleasure as he viewed my sufferings.

"Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, "I be revenged now—Portuguese know too much for de 'Merican—ha! ha!"

I had hitherto been trying to hit him with my fist; but, owing to the length of his arm, which enabled him to hold me off at some distance, I had failed to reach him. Now, however, my senses were fast deserting me, and I was becoming more weak each moment. It was then that I perceived a boat, which had been lowered from the ship, rapidly approaching us; and a faint hope that it might arrive in time to rescue me now flitted through my mind.

This hope, however, was dissipated when the Portuguese, suddenly raising his sheath-knife over my head, (with his disengaged hand,) suddenly exclaimed:

"Ah! me kill you quick 'fore de boat come."

"It is all over with me," I thought and was just expecting to receive the knife in my throat, when the Portuguese suddenly uttered a wild scream, and, letting go his hold of me, disappeared from my sight.

The next moment, the spot where he had gone down became discolored with a dark-red stain, which I knew to be his blood. In a few minutes more I was dragged, panting and breathless, into the boat.

"You had a narrow escape," said the

captain, when I arrived on board. He had witnessed the whole affair from the poop.

"That he had," said the mate; "there's no evil without its good. Peter was nabbed by the shark, in order that Bill might be saved."

"Now, then," said the captain to me, "go forward to your duty, Bill, and hereafter beware how you get to fighting on yard-arms. It is a dangerous practice."

I then walked forward, where I was soon surrounded by both Portuguese and Kanakas, who plied me with many questions respecting my encounter with Peter.

"Didn't me tell you," said the Kanaka of whom I have spoken once or twice; "didn't me tell you, Scuttlebut pay tam Portugee for make him sick—Scuttlebut am in de shark, and Scuttlebut eat Peter."

I was about to make some remark, when a cry of horror broke from the lips of one of the men, who with a trembling finger pointed to the water just beneath the waist boat. I looked with the rest over the ship's side, and never shall I forget the horrid spectacle which met my sight.

I beheld the shark, which had been wounded by Peter, slowly gliding along just beneath the calm surface of the water, with the bloody head of the Portuguese, held by its long black hair, in his mouth. I turned away from the sight with a sickening sensation. Surely, if the Kanaka's soul had entered the body of that shark, he did keep his word and have a terrible revenge.

Damascus.

Damascus is the oldest city in the world. Tyre and Sidon have crumbled on the shore; Balbec is a ruin; Palmyra is buried in the sands of the desert; Ninevah and Babylon have disappeared from the Tigris and Euphrates; but Damascus remains where it was before the days of Abraham—a centre of trade and travel—an island of verdure in a desert—a pre-destinated capital, with marial and sacred associations extending through more than thirty centuries. It was near "Damascus" that Saul of Tarsus saw "the light from heaven above the brightness of the sun;" the "street which is called strait," in which it was said "he prayeth," still runs through the city. The caravan comes and goes as it did a thousand years ago; there are still the sheik, the ass and the water wheel; the merchants of the Euphrates and the Mediterranean still occupy these with the "multitude of their wares."

The city which Mahomet surveyed from a neighboring height, and was afraid to enter, because "it is given to man to have but one Paradise, for his part, he was resolved not to have his in this world," is to this day what Julian called it, "the eye of the East," as it was in the time of Isaiah, "the head of Syria."

From Damascus came the damson, our blue plum, and the delicious apricot of Portugal; damask, our beautiful fabric of cotton and silk, with vines and flowers raised upon a smooth bright ground; the damask rose, introduced into England in the time of Henry VIII; the Damascus blade, so famous for the world over for its keen edge and wonderful elasticity, the secret of whose manufacture was lost when Tamerlane carried off the artist into Persia; and that beautiful art of inlaying wood and steel with silver and gold, a kind of mosaic, engraving and sculpture united, called Damaskeening—with which boxes and bureaux, swords and guns are ornamented.

It is still a city of flowers and bright waters; the "streams from Lebanon," the "rivers of Damascus," the "river of gold," still murmur and sparkle in a wilderness of "Syrian gardens."

Mountain Clouds.

Nothing is more gorgeous and beautiful than the cloud scenery which circles around the summit of the Sierra Nevadas at this season of the year. Daily, and with the utmost punctuality, the white, transparent mists begin their journey from the green, slumbering valleys below, towards the rugged landscapes of eternal snow. Slowly they march upward, one fold of brightness carelessly and lazily rolling over the upper edges of another, until a huge mountain of many-hued clouds is presented to the eye along the entire line of the Sierras, from the farthest north to the extremest southern horizon.

They seldom produce rain, or assume those hues of darkness that distinguish the rain-cloud. On the eastern slope of the mountains, however, during July and August, the clouds which form the evaporations of the melting snow collect in storms, emit thunder and lightning and discharge copious showers of rain. Viewed from a high point of land, the contrast between these gay, fantastic air-castles, and the dark glens and sombre forests beneath is wonderful and striking—Prosperpine in the rugged arms of Pluto—an army of crystal palaces in Limbo. They are in Limbo, sure enough; for they cannot pass over the cold heights of snow that oppose them, nor return in the face of the west wind to the valley; so, like a group of pensive and chaste souls, wandering listlessly through the melancholy realms of Purgatory, they purify themselves by penance for a brighter and higher heaven; when night has spread its drapery over the earth, and the eastern breeze comes down over the mountain's brow, they sink again into the green valleys that gave them birth.—California Paper.

"Do you go in for the new Pennsylvania Liquor Law?" "Why partly yes and partly no—I goes in for the liquor but not for the law."

A Swindled Gambler.

Some years ago, I was in a gambling house in Cincinnati, a silent looker on at a game of faro. In those days such operations were carried on rather openly, and almost under the eyes of the authorities, with unbarred doors, so that any one could walk in either in the capacity of a better, or mere spectator. In the latter capacity I found myself, near midnight, when the door of the den opened. Just as the game began to flag, and not a sound was heard but the clicks of the checks, and the rattle of some dishes a darkey was placing on a table, in walked a tall, raw-boned, country looking chap, in a grey satin coat and a con-skin cap. He walked right up to the only vacant place at the table, and, drawing from a side pocket an enormous calfskin wallet, which looked as if it might contain at least a thousand, in fives and tens, addressed the dealer:

"Look here, Mister, I'm going to fight this Tiger up to the nines! Understand me, I allers fight to the death; that is until I break you or you break me!"

"Very good," said the dealer, "you are one of the kind we like to deal for." And his eyes fairly danced at the certainty of depleting the plithoric looking pocket book.

"But understand me," continued the rough customer, "there is one thing you break me, you must give me money enough to carry me home."

"I'll do it," said the "leg."

"Yes! yes! yes!" responded the entire party. Here the darkey announced supper, and the keeper of "the Tiger" announced a recess of half an hour. The crowd went into the good thing prepared, and Rough was not a whit behind the rest. He dived into the venison, the oyster pie, and the "chicken fixins," until he could eat no more with any degree of safety to himself—not forgetting to wash down the whole with liberal portions of brandy.

Refreshments over, labor bade fair to commence in right down earnest. The dealer took off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and seated himself. Rough squared himself at the table, and again drew the ponderous wallet. All eyes were now turned upon him; for spectators, patrons of the establishment, and even bankers themselves looked for a tall game.

Rough drew from one of the pockets of the capacious wallet, a greasy and rather suspicious looking five dollar bill, and called for the worth of it in chips. After scrutinizing it for a moment, the dealer tossed it into his drawer, and passed over a stack of ten chips to Rough. He next gave the cards sundry scientific "flirts," placed them in the box, and announced "All Ready!" Rough placed his ten chips on the ace, and the deal went on. Some eight or ten cards were drawn out, when an ace came to view on the top of the box, and the dealer put ten more chips on top of Rough's pile.

Rough let the twenty chips lay upon the ace, and it was not long before another one made its appearance, but this time fell by the side of the box, and the dealer "raked down" the entire pile. He then waited a few moments in expectation that Rough would open the pocket book again, but that individual continued resting his chin on the palm of his hand, and gazing abstractedly on the ace.

"Well," said the "leg," "ain't you going to bet any more?"

"Nary red—I'm broke—flat!" said Rough.

The "leg" laid back in his chair, and in a tone of the most profound astonishment, said "The deuce you are! and I pledge myself to give you money enough to carry you home in case you got broke?"

"You did that same, old hoss."

"Where do you live?"

"At Brownsville, up the river."

"What will it cost to take you there?"

"At the present stage of water, I think I can get up for about fourteen dollars."

Such a shout as went up at this juncture was never before heard within the walls of a faro room!—while with great good humor the "leg" counted out the fourteen dollars.

My friend," said he to Rough, "it is not every day one meets a patron like you. Go and help yourself to another drink of brandy and water, and a cigar. Whenever you come to town again, give us a call. Call often—you will find the latch string out. I wish you a safe journey. Give my respects to your wife and children. Bye bye!"

Rough didn't shrink one iota from his railway, but took the proffered drink and cigar. "I say," said he as he held the door ajar, "I wish you better luck with the next green looking customer that comes along; but before you make such a bargain with him, jest ascertain where he lives, and the size of his pile!"—and so saying he disappeared amid the guffaws of the crowd, in which the dealer himself heartily joined.

A distinguished and ex war-minister resident in Pennsylvania, tells a good story of a Dutch neighbor of his who had the gout, and was greatly puzzled to know how he came by it.

"What is the matter with you my friend?" inquired the judge, who had called in to see his sick neighbor.

"Well, I don't know chudge—dey say it is de gout—but vy should I have de gout? I lives blain; I don't eat doo much nor drinks doo much; vy should I have de gout?"

"Perhaps," said the judge, it is hereditary?"

"Well, replied the invalid, with the look of a man who has been suddenly enlightened on a difficult subject—"Well, I guess it is hereditary—I remember my wife's uncle had de gout!"

CONFESSIONAL.

How dearly I answer fair things and bright—
From the star with playful greetings of light—
To the wondrous questioning of the flower—
The visible soul of the sunny hour;
From the fond last look, renewing in dream,
To hers which lures with a nightly gleam;
But there's an eye whose transient ray
Hath fleet and fairer might than they!
A dear delight is the calling chime
Of bird and stream in the summer time;
And a joy each sweetly earnest sound
From hearts preferring unsealed around;
But there's a voice whose slightest word
Is pleasanter far than wave or bird;
And tones were never so winsome near
But freely I'd turn that voice to hear.

Dan Marble and the Englishman.

We were once on a steamer along with the late excellent comedian, Dan Marble. Of course there was some big "story telling" during that trip. Among Dan's auditors was an English gentleman "on the tour of America." He seemed particularly wide awake to all Dan said, for the tourist's note book was in frequent use to catch the good things that fell from the "Live Yankee's lips. Observing this, Dan "spotted his man," and began the relation of a series of adventures and experiences which literally "astonished the natives," though these latter gentlemen, seeing the drift of the joke, preserved serious faces. There were tales of horror, and of real tragedies, in which the narrator "had played" a leading part; there were deeds and hairbreadth escapes by sea and land; and there was the incident of the mother who devoured her own child; all of which the astonished traveler seems to credit with most implicit faith. At length Mr. Marble, apparently tired of rehearsing his adventures, descended to topics of the day. He adverted to the fact that alligators had been found to be very useful animals, and stated that they were at that time, actually employed as mail carriers between St. Louis and New Orleans. He said a passenger on a steamer would occasionally see a negro, with a mail bag across his shoulder, going up or down the river, at a speed of 60 or 70 miles an hour—an alligator being the "horse." So docile had the "animals" become, that it was probable they would be introduced as mail carriers in all the rivers of this country! All this the audience heard, with every muscle of the face strained to subjection. The tourist beckoned to Marble at the end of this narration, and the two went out together. All were now on the *qui vive* as to "what was up." Dan returned, after a while, with a face radiating with smiles. It was evident he had "won." He finally explained: "The Englishman asked if what he had related was a solemn fact? Yankee replied, 'pon honor it was! Englishman then said, if Yankee would write down the particulars of the circumstances, for his use in a work he was preparing on 'American Features under English Scrutiny,' that he would pay five pounds for the accommodation. Yankee replied that an American gentleman would disdain to accept money for such a service; but said it was customary, when a courtesy was to be returned, for the party to stand the champagne suppers.—Whereupon the Englishman had gone to the steward, and ordered such a repast!"

Oh, that ovation of Briton to Yankee! It cost about eighty dollars. The queen and her children were toasted—"Rule Britannia" was sung—and the Englishman was put to bed drunk, to wake up the next morning and find his guests all departed. We have looked in vain for that promised book, and hope it may yet be forthcoming.—Cosmopolitan Art Journal.

Fat Girls and Vinegar.

Taken in moderation, there is no doubt that vinegar is beneficial; but in excess it impairs the digestive organs. Experiments on artificial digestion show, that, if the quantity of acid be diminished, digestion is retarded; if increased beyond a certain point, the same result is produced. There is reason, therefore, in the vulgar notion, unhappily too fondly relied on, that vinegar helps to keep down any alarming adiposity, and that ladies who dread the disappearance of their graceful outline in curves of plumpness expanding into "fat," may arrest so dreadful a result by liberal portions of vinegar; but they can only so arrest at the far more dreadful expense of their health. The amount of acid which will keep them thin will destroy their digestive powers. Portol gives a case which should be a warning:

"A few years ago, a young lady in easy circumstances, enjoyed good health; she was very plump, had a good appetite, and a complexion blooming with roses and lilies. She began to look on her plumpness with suspicion; for her mother was very fat, and she was afraid of becoming like her. Accordingly, she consulted a woman who advised her to drink a glass of vinegar daily; the young lady followed the advice, and her plumpness diminished. She was delighted with the success of the experiment, and continued it for more than a month. She began to have a cough; but it was dry at its commencement, and was considered as a slight cold which would go off. Meantime, from dry it became moist, a slow fever came on, and a difficulty of breathing, her body became lean and wasted away, night sweats, swelling of the feet and of the legs succeeded, and a diarrhea terminated her life." Therefore young ladies, be boldly fat! Never pine for graceful slimmness and romantic pallor; but if Nature means to be ruddy round, accept it with a laughing grace, which will captivate more hearts than all the paleness of a circulating library.—Ladies' Journal.

A pop is like a cinnamon tree—the bark is worth more than the body.

Rates of Advertising.

Advertisements will be charged 91 per square of fourteen lines, for one, or three insertions, and 25 cents for every subsequent insertion. All advertisements of less than fourteen lines considered as a square. The following rates will be charged for Quarterly, Half-Yearly and Yearly advertising:—

	3 months.	6 months.	12 mo's.
Square, (14 lines), - \$2 50	\$4 50	\$6 00	\$6 00
2 Squares, - - - - - 4 00	6 00	8 00	8 00
1 column, - - - - - 18 00	30 00	40 00	40 00
1/2 column, - - - - - 18 00	30 00	40 00	40 00

All advertisements not having the number of insertions marked upon them, will be kept in until ordered out, and charged accordingly.

Posters, Handbills, Bill, and Letter Heads, and all kinds of Jobbing done in country establishments, executed neatly and promptly. Justices, Constables and other BLANKS, constantly on hand and printed to order.

A Real Native.

The ignorance concerning this country among otherwise well informed English folks was curiously illustrated in the case of Gen. W—, (a good fellow, but bogus general,) who visited England a few years ago. Having occasion to pass a few days in a provincial town, which boasted its literary coterie, he received an invitation through an acquaintance from Miss Blue Stocking, to attend a soiree. The general, of course, went, and being a fine, handsome, agreeable fellow, he was quite a lion.

In the course of the evening, Miss Blue, who had managed to secure his undivided attention, tapped him playfully with her fan, and said:

"Do you know that you are a naughty man?"

"How so madam?" asked the general.

"Why, for deceiving us all so; but I shan't tell on you, of course; only every one in the room has not seen as much as I."

The general became nervous, and thought of course that he must have committed some terrible faux pas, but as the lady seemed kind and forgiving, he determined to probe the matter.

"My dear lady, I am very sorry if I have been guilty of any dereliction; do tell me that I may apologize."

"O!" said Miss Blue, "it's only pretending to be an American!"

"Pretending to be an American! But I am an American, madam."

"Yes, perhaps you live there; but you are not a native, you know."

"On my honor, madam, a real live native of the great State of New York."

"That will do for the company to think, general," said the literary lady, "and of course I shall not deceive them; but you must know I had a very distinguished American gentleman, who was a native, to lunch with me this morning, and I was sorry I could not have him to meet you to-night; but he was not at all like you." His raven hair curled in such beautiful little ringlets all around his head, and his complexion was dark—very dark—a perfect Othello of a fellow."

"A nigger, by George!" thought the general, and begging our lady not to expose this little ruse, in trying to pass off for an American, he got into a corner and enjoyed his laugh.

A GOOD YARN is told of Dr. Thompson, of Atlanta, a generous, good man, a tip-top landlord and wit; but he certainly caught it once. A traveler called very late for breakfast; the meal was hurriedly prepared.—Thompson, feeling that the "feed" was not quite up to the mark, made all sorts of apologies all around the eater, who worked on in silence, never raising his head beyond the affirmative influence of his fork, or by any act acknowledging even the presence of mine host. This sulky demeanor rather "flea'd" the Doctor, who, changing the range of his battery, stuck his thumbs in the arm-holes of his vest, expanded his chest by robbing the room of half its air, and said: "Now, Mister, do durm me if I haint made all the apology necessary, and more too, considering the breakfast and who gets it, and now I tell you I have seen dirtier, worse cooked, worse tasted, worse looking and smaller breakfasts than this is several times." The weary, hungry one meekly laid down his tools, swallowed the bite in transitu, placed the palms of his hands together, and modestly looking up at the vexed and fuming landlord, shot him dead with the words following, viz: "Is—what—you—say—true?" "Yes, sir," came with vindictive promptness. "Well then, I'm bled, hoss, if you haint out travel-ed me!"

There was a small nigger posted in the front door, especially to tell the wayfaring man "dat he didn't owe nuffin dar sartin sure." After he was fairly under way, Thompson was observed creeping from an attic window, taking a prolonged rear view of the steed and his rider through a four foot telescope. It has been intimated that the Doctor hesitated many seconds between the choice of the glass and a double barreled shot gun.

A good story is told of a New Orleans editor, who thought himself "some" at ten pins. He challenged a stranger one evening, who said that he wasn't much of a player, but he'd roll him a game just for amusement, and they began. He won two games easily, and then proposed that he should roll with his left hand against the editor's right. This was assented to, and the result was as before, two more games being scored to the editor's account. The stranger then seriously proposed to roll again, and not use his hands at all, but to kick the balls down the alley, the other using his right hand as usual. The editor agreed, thinking he had the fellow sure then; but he kicked the balls down the alley with astonishing precision and success, making "strikes" and "spares" in a style which struck terror to the soul of the dumfounded editor. Two games were played in this unique manner, and were both scored against the editor. He then offered to play another game and blow the balls down the alley, using neither hands nor feet, but the editor was quite satisfied, and left the place amid the laughter of the company.

"Frank," says one student to another, whom he caught swinging a scythe most lustily in a field of stout herdsgrass. "What makes you work for a living? A fellow with your talent and ability should not be caught engaged in manual labor. I mean to get my living by my wits." "Well, Bill, you can work with duller tools than I can!"